

## WILL YE ALSO GO AWAY?

BY J. F. GARBER.

St John vi, 67. While reading D.C. Christner's "*Resignation and Withdrawal*" the words of the text came to my mind with such force as to compel me to write a few words of encouragement and admonition to the brethren at large. Our blessed Master uttered these words at a time no doubt when all would have looked dark and gloomy to a finite mind; a time when "many of his disciples went back and walked no more with him" because their finite minds were not capable of comprehending the great truths that Christ had uttered. How natural it is for us, when something comes up that we do not exactly understand or like, to say "I will go away" or "I will walk no more with you." But the words have hardly died away until the truly converted christian will respond in Peter's own language. "Lord to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." When we are despondent and all around us seems dark and gloomy and we feel inclined to give up the battle and walk no more with Christ, there is a still small voice from within which says "To whom shall I go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us, run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God," Heb. xii, 1. 2. The only promise is to him that endureth unto the end; and every one that is in this race that endureth unto the end hath the promise of eternal life.

How important it is then that we "continue in the faith, grounded and settled, and be not moved away from the hope of the gospel, which ye have heard and which was preached to every creature which is under heaven." Col. i, 23. But "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Phil. xxx, 14.

Crown, Iowa.

## MY BIBLE.

The late Dr. Tyng, of Philadelphia, says: "I once called to visit a dying lady in this city; I had knelt often with her in prayer. Her husband was an atheist, an English atheist, a cold hearted English atheist. There is no such being beside him on the face of the globe. That was her husband. On the day on which that sweet Christian woman died, she put her hand under her pillow, and took out a little well-worn tear-moistened Bible. She called her husband, and he came and she said, 'Do you know this little book?' And he answered, 'It is your Bible.' And she replied, 'It is my Bible; it has been everything to me; it has converted, strengthened, cheered and saved me; now I am going to Him who gave it to me, and I shall want it no more; open your hands.' And she put it between his two hands, and pressed them together about it. 'My dear husband do you know what I am doing?' 'Yes dear, you are giving me your Bible.' 'No, darling, I am your Bible, and God has sent me to give you this sweet book before I die. Now put it in your bosom. Will you keep it there? Will you read it for me?' 'I will, my dear.'

"I placed," said Doctor Tyng, "this dear lady in the tomb behind my church. Perhaps three weeks afterwards, that husband came to my study weeping profusely. 'Oh, my friend, I have found what she meant—it is my Bible, every word of it was written for me. I read it over and over day by day, I read it over night by night; I bless God it is my Bible. Will you take me into your church where she was?' 'With all my heart.' And that once proud, worldly, hostile man, hating this blessed Bible, came, with no argument, with no objections, with no difficulties suggested, with no questions to unravel, but binding this Word on his heart of memory and love.

It was God's message of direct salvation to his soul; as direct as if there was not another Bible in Philadelphia, and an angel from heaven had brought him this."

Have you such a book, dear reader? One you love and study and clasp to your heart, and say, this is my Bible? We all need just such a book.—*Sel.*

## THE WHITE FEATHER OF PEACE.

A family of Quakers from Pennsylvania settled at the West in a remote place, then exposed to savage incursions. They had not been there long before a party of Indians, panting for blood, started on one of their terrible excursions against the whites and passed in the direction of the Quaker's abode; but, though disposed at first to assail him and his family as enemies, they were received with such open-hearted confidence and treated with such cordiality and kindness, as completely disarmed them of their purpose. They came, not against such persons but against their enemies. They thirsted for the blood of those who had injured them; but these children of peace, unarmed and entirely defenseless, met them only with accents of love and deeds of kindness. It was not in the heart of the savage to harm them; and on leaving the house, the Indians took a white feather and stuck it over the door to designate the place as a sanctuary not to be harmed by their brethren in arms. Nor was it harmed. The war raged all around it; the forest echoed to the Indian's yell, and many a white man's hearth was drenched in his own blood; but over the Quaker's humble abode gently waved the white feather of peace, and beneath it his family slept without harm or fear. The blood of Jesus Christ is our eternal shield and sign. As in the days of old the blood sprinkled upon the doorpost was a sign and token that saved the Israelites from that last terrible plague, the Lord passing over them; so to us the blood of Jesus sprinkled over our hearts is an eternal sign of salvation and peace.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life."—*Sel.*

To speak ill of others is only a round about way of bragging on yourself.

The devil never pushes a man who is willing to stand still and do nothing. *The Rams Horn.*

"Real Christian character is something that the devil's mud won't stick to."